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ZUDORA
In the Twenty Million
Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MACGRATH

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SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine. Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Keady, Zudora's mother's brother, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassan Ali. He decides that Zudora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to him, the next of kin. Hassan Ali sees an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zudora has taken a fancy, and he commands the girl to put the man out of her mind. Zudora insists that if she cannot marry Storm she will marry no one.

"Well, well," says Hassan Ali, "solve my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fail in a single case and you must renounce him."

Zudora accepts a mystery and wins her first case—a case in which John Storm is saved from being convicted of a murder instigated by Hassan Ali himself.

Zudora and Hassan Ali visit Nabok Rhak's house, where they discover every one who has been attempting to marry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is made a prisoner. Zudora follows Nabok Rhak, restores the princess to her original lover and saves Storm from death.

A dealer in diamonds tells Hassan Ali his secret. Storm informs Zudora that his life is being attempted frequently. Storm suspects Hassan Ali. Storm is arrested for stealing the diamond maker's gems, but Zudora discovers the real thieves—a pair of mice.

The negro help employed on Storm's father's farm are fleeing because a great skeleton hand appears at night upon a hill near by. Storm is baffled in his investigation, but Zudora learns that her uncle has employed Jimmy Butler, a half-witted man, thus to annoy Storm's parents. Zudora finds Butler operating a big magic lantern and is attacked by him. Storm appears and saves her.

Hassan Ali asks Zudora to find a gem lost by two mysterious old men. Zudora gets a photograph of the gem and it turns in her hand. An old house is timed by Hassan Ali and the old men. Storm and Zudora are lured there and narrowly escape destruction when the house blows up. John McWinter, endeavoring to trap and kill George Smith, is killed himself, and Smith is charged with murder. Hassan Ali conspires to have John Storm meet the same fate as McWinter, and he and Storm are overcome by powerful forces. Zudora saves them, proves that McWinter's own dog trapped and killed him and saves Smith from a band of lynchers.

An inventor blows up a submarine with a powerful heat ray which he sends through water. Hassan Ali sends Zudora to a photographer directly beneath the inventor's laboratory and orders the inventor to kill her. Zudora gets a warning, and her life is saved. The heat ray machine is destroyed, and the photographer, after a quarrel with Hassan Ali, is found dead in the river.

Wu Chang prevents Zudora's elopement with John Storm by hypnotizing her, and he and Hassan Ali attempt to smuggle her out of the country. This plot is frustrated by Storm.

Hassan Ali's double, falls in love with Zudora. Hassid and Mrs. Du Val kidnap Zudora and the Van Wick child. Storm rescues them, and Hassan Ali dies.

With Hassan Ali dead Zudora is released of her pledge to solve twenty cases. She confronts, however, the greatest mystery of all, which is the mystery of her own life, and the ambition to secure the vast fortune of \$20,000,000 left to her. This great photo serial is being shown in the leading moving picture theaters by the Thrasher Film Corporation. Among those participating are Margaret Snow, Mary Elizabeth Forbes, James Crane, in the new role of reporter-hits, Sidney Tracey and Frank Farrington.

On looking through her uncle's papers Zudora finds that her father left her an interest in a diamond mine, and Storm and Hassid both lend assistance in trying to regain for her possession of this estate which is being appropriated by rogues under the leadership of Mrs. Du Val. They plan to frighten Zudora so that she will run away. Failing, they kidnap Zudora and Hassid, the mine superintendent, and put them in a private insane asylum. Hassid dies, but Zudora, nearly famished, is rescued by Storm and his friends. Detective Hunt soon finds the Zudora and Hassid.

Mrs. Copeland's jewels are stolen, but recovered through the cleverness of Hunt and Hassid.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Battle at the Bridge.

ON bright, keen winter day Zudora and Mrs. Ramsay sat in the former's room discussing the malignancy of the star that hovered over Zudora's destiny. If only she might find one bit of complete evidence against her enemies or some document to fully uphold her claim! She could do nothing at court with these fragments, these half sheets. Possession was nine points in law, and it did not require John Storm's legal advice to convince her of this fact.

If Hassan Ali had not been a thorough miser all valuable papers would have been deposited in the deposit box at the bank. More and more she became convinced that her uncle had had sinister designs upon her life; that he had been maneuvering to get her out of the way so that he might control her fortune. All she wanted was to be ruled free. Well, sooner or later something would turn up, some workable plan. Three men as Storm, Hassid and Hunt would find a trick in the enemy's armor.

"I'm going to look through that old trunk again," Zudora declared, rising. "Come and help me."

So the two of them dragged out the trunk and went through everything religiously, so thoroughly that a moth could not have escaped. Protruding from a torn place in the lining Zudora came upon a sheet of paper. She studied the pothooks from all angles, but could make nothing of it. However, she inked it aside for Storm's appraisal. What printed her as such as any

thing was the fact that the spurious claimants read the law on their side. Where had they secured their backing? How had they learned that there existed documents, that there were gold and diamond mines? Hassan Ali certainly had not confided these facts to them.

"There is nothing but this sheet with the pothooks," she declared finally. "I can't make anything out of it."

"You poor child! Why don't you marry your sweetheart and have done with all this? He has plenty for both."

"That isn't it, Mrs. Ramsay. I come from a fighting stock, and I will never



"Why don't you marry your sweet-
heart?"

give up this fight until I am beaten." She glanced at the clock. "It is time John was here. Why not come along with us? The skating will be fine."

"I haven't had skates on in an age," protested Mrs. Ramsay.

"That won't matter; all the more fun for you," insisted Zudora.

"You're a strange girl."

"In what way?"

"Why, you can throw off your burden so quickly, without apparent effort."

"I do not throw them off; I merely refuse to let them dampen what pleasure I can get out of life." Zudora ran to a window. "There he is now! He's just as patient and kindly as he can be. And there's a box under his arm. I'll wager it's a box of violets. He never forgets the fact that I love flowers."

She did not notice the two men loitering on the opposite side of the street. Hassid and Gyp the gun man.

Storm came in, his eyes clear and his cheeks full of color. He was bubbling with cheer.

"All aboard! The ice will be just splendid. Here's a bunch of violets for you, sweetheart."

"Thank you, John," Zudora pinned the flowers against her waist. "You are very thoughtful, after all the trouble I have thought you."

"Piffle! What man wouldn't be thoughtful if he had you always in



"Here's a bunch of violets for you,
sweetheart."

mind? What's this? Been rummaging around in the old trunk again? Find anything?"

"Nothing but this sheet of paper," John took it. "Why, it looks like a map or plan of a mine!"

"A map?" chorused Zudora and Mrs. Ramsay.

"And I didn't know what it could be!" exclaimed Zudora.

"I'll wager it's some data regarding the boundaries of the diamond mine in Africa. Anyway, I'd hang on to it. It may be worthless, and again it may have value. Put it back in the trunk. My rule is, never throw away any scrap of paper you do not thoroughly understand. Whenever I sign a con-

tract I go to a brother lawyer to see if he gets the same points I do. Put it back into the trunk and come along. It's glorious out of doors today."

When Hassid and Gyp the gun men saw the three depart for the skating pond the former instructed the gun men to remain on the watch and to whistle in case of danger. He himself was determined to enter the house and have a thorough look into Zudora's room. He found an unlocked window in the rear, and through this he entered the house. Everybody was out, including the servant. He could not have found a better opportunity.

He knew where Zudora's room was, having once made a midnight visit to it. They had tricked him out of a fine lot of gems, and he had not yet recovered from the chagrin of this fact. To this day he had not the least idea where they had hidden the stones. He was certain that the gems were not in the house at present. Doubtless they had been disposed of secretly.

The first thing that welcomed his gaze was the battered old trunk. The scorched leather at once convinced him that this had come from the house of Hassan Ali. He knelt beside it and threw back the lid. He eyed curiously the spangles and mottles of the old egyptian days. But the folded sheet of paper interested him far more. And when he spread it out and discovered that it was practically a complete survey of the mine in Africa he was delighted. He already knew the details of the African property. So far as he was concerned it was of no intrinsic value, but it would eventually be valuable to Zudora. So he stuffed it into his pocket and went on with his search. Then he came upon the false bottom to the trunk, and here he found the documents which completed the case. He laughed. With these in his possession Zudora would lose her case in any court in America. What a find! Neither the girl nor her advisers had ever thought to thoroughly investigate the battered old leather trunk!

He was in high feather when he stole out of the Ramsey house. He had made a great find. He was legally master of millions. It would be a simple case of manufacturing a will of prior date to Zudora's, upon old legal cap, with the notary's seal of some old chap who had died in Montana. It would be very easy now that he had all the documents in the case. Mrs. Du Val would be pleased, no pleased that she might lend a more willing ear to his plans. They had had this trunk all these weeks and had not thought to sound it for a false bottom. That was supreme luck. He felt more and more



He knelt beside it and threw back
the lid.

assured of his star as he rejoined Gyp. Millions, luxury, all his cravings to be gratified!

And Zudora, flying across the smooth, gleaming surface of the pond, began to have hopes that her star had reached its nadir and was once more ascending toward the zenith. Well, perhaps it was. The sunshine, the exhilaration of the sport, the assurance of one beloved, those would have set their into many a heart darker than Zudora's.

When the three of them returned to Mrs. Ramsay's the latter served tea, and for an hour it was a happy family. Then Storm remembered the survey map.

"You'd better let me have that and lock it up in my safe," he suggested. "You never can tell what will happen these days."

But Zudora snatched the leather trunk from top to bottom in vain.

"That's funny! You saw me put it on the top tray?"

"I did," said Storm gravely. He went about the room examining the windows. He left the two women and went downstairs. Ah, the Hassid in the kitchen he saw paddly tracks. That was enough. "Some one has been here during our absence," he declared as he returned to Zudora's room. "Wherever it was he got that paper. Evidently it was a hat-trick and when we went to the pond the weather came into the kitchen window. Well, perhaps I'm mistaken. I should have put it into my pocket."

Meanwhile in Detective Hunt's office things were being arranged for the recovery of Zudora's star, which was in truth very lost.

"Hassid, I'm going to enter the Du Val villa by the front door this trip."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the late Hassan Ali's double.

"I mean that I'm going to enter in a capacity which will excite madam's vanity. There's no woman alive that does not like the idea of having her likeness perpetuated in oil if done by a celebrated artist."

(Continued on page SEVEN.)

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